

# the war cry

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## you'll never know

**A** LIGHTHOUSE keeper can never know how successful he has been at the job. Does any mariner ever send him a message of gratitude? — "That was a rough night last week and but for your beacon I would never have made port." Hardly, but if they know the sea lanes they expect to be able to see his light to confirm them on their course. They would be concerned if it failed to pierce the darkness.

Taken for granted he may be, but the keeper knows what is expected of him. So he faithfully carries on showing his light.

Would he do so if the sailors began to ignore him? What if the idea got around that in this scientific age lighthouses were no longer required to give guidance and warning; or that the dangers of the rocks and shoals they guarded were overrated?

It is happening. On the sea of life there is a good deal of shipwreck because the beacons are being ignored, and confusion because the lights are going out.

So go on bearing your witness, Christian. You'll never know how many you'll keep off the rocks.

Until he retired recently, Frank Cantwell was the sixth generation in his family to work as a lighthouse keeper at Cape Spear, Newfoundland; his eldest son, Gerry, now is keeper of the light. The Cantwell family were featured last month in CBC-TV's "Five Years in the Life" series.

When the first man was stepping onto the moon's surface . . . there was a soldier in Vietnam stepping on a land mine which would leave him a helpless invalid for the rest of his life.

When the first man was stepping onto the moon's surface . . . there was a man here on earth stepping into a noisy bar, seeking to drown his problems in a sea of alcohol, a shocking example of abject spiritual emptiness and invincible ignorance.

## one small step

Topical comments by Major Joseph Viola

When the first man was stepping onto the moon's surface . . . there was a diluted man on earth willingly stepping into a room filled with hate-mongers who were planning their next vicious and destructive move against another race or their own nation.

When the first man was stepping onto the moon's surface . . . there was a gullible teen-ager stepping into a dark alley to purchase a drug guaranteed to send him on a way-out trip of his own.

When the first man was stepping onto the moon's surface . . . there was a penniless mother stepping up to and staring at her empty cupboard with hopeless, defeated eyes while her children were crying from hunger.

Man, taking one small step upon the surface of the moon, will in no significant way solve his problems here on earth, unless and until he and his brethren strive to keep in step with God.

*In other words:*

*The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he will delight in God's ways (Ps. 37: 23).*

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EDITORIAL:

# Daniel's Band

**A**FFLUENCE buys security, and security buys boredom. That is not a necessary sequence but it sums up the experience of many young people in our country today. Hence the experiments with drugs and sex, and excursions into petty crime. The retribution is a calculated risk. The gains may be elusive but the excitement is in the chase. The stakes are now high—too high, for often the end result is loss of happiness, loss of health and frequently loss of life.

Unfortunately most young people today have never been to Sunday school and therefore do not know the children's hymn "Dare to be a Daniel." It is all about taking risks, being victorious against overwhelming odds and defying strong opposition.

Boys and girls who have learned their Sunday school lessons properly are not later overtaken by boredom and the desire to escape from life, for they know that that is where the adventure and the action is.

This month some sixty young Salvationists are entering The Salvation Army's training colleges in Toronto, Ont., and St. John's, Nfld. They have given up their occupations and prospects to become Salvation Army officers. In theory they will have no guaranteed salary and can be sent anywhere in the world to accept conditions as they find them. In practice things will not be as harsh as they once were, but they must be prepared to face uncertainty and hardship as part of their vocation. But they will have plenty of adventures which will come to them through doing and daring. Unlike those who go with the crowd to seek cheap thrills, these cadets will often be required to "dare to stand alone."

They will be taking calculated risks, but God will be paramount in their calculations. They are staking their lives on His promises. This is a kind of gamble which is freed from fear, folly and futility.

Gambling is frequently the resort of the drop-out, the one who rarely finds it possible to achieve anything worth while with his own powers. He is afraid to face up to failure and hopes to gain by luck what he cannot obtain by merit. The Christian knows his own weaknesses, but can say with conviction "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."

The saddest aspect of the present generation of young people is their willingness to fling their money and their lives away on wild, selfish capers, often meaninglessly lethal and tragic, when all they have could so easily be devoted to a splendid thrust towards sacrifice, heroism and satisfaction.

The only kind of gambling worth entertaining is that which has redemptive purpose behind it. There have been millions of dedicated people, deeply involved in the problems of those around them, who have lived lives of fulfilment because, when occasion arises, they have been prepared to hazard their health, their economic security and their future to further the cause to which they have been committed.

They bet their lives on God, seeking to understand what God has in mind for them in His creative order of things, where so much seems to be at risk.

Risk is a tool of God with which His loving purposes may be achieved — even through those whose talents are limited.

## IN THIS ISSUE



Discovery resources (page 13)

**C**HRISTIAN truth must always be expressed in contemporary terms but some writers manage to extend their period of relevancy longer than others. Catherine Booth began her writing and preaching ministry more than a century ago, and we make no excuse for introducing another of her addresses in the short series on page six. Captain John Coutts delves back even further to expound on an ancient African proverb (page five).

Comings and goings mark pages eight and nine. A tribute to retiring officers, members of a well-known Canadian Salvationist family, appears above the pictures of two young officers going out on their first term of missionary service. Forty-five years ago a similar young couple set out for northern China. Some of the subsequent adventures and tribulations of the Welbourns are related on page eight. We do not usually preach on our Magazine Page, but if people sought to develop their mental and spiritual resources and used them for the common good as Canada does with her mineral wealth (page thirteen) there could be much interesting copy about them when their earthly life ends.

## The Story of an Army Friend

**H**OLIDAY-MAKING Salvationists in Toronto, out for a change of Sunday scene and an opportunity to worship with other brethren, usually make for The People's Church on Sheppard Avenue. Its founder, Dr. Oswald J. Smith, has been admired by many Army folk since the days when his preaching centre was on Bloor Street and, earlier still, during the 1920s, at the Alliance Tabernacle.

As an evangelistic campaigner and song-writer he is known much farther afield. Salvationists in the U.S.A., as well as in Canada, will therefore be interested to learn that his biography has recently been published. Written by Douglas Hall and published by the Zondervan house, the price of the new book is \$2.15, paperback, and \$5.40, hard covers.

### Territorial Evangelists

**A**UGMENTED by talented Christian youth, Major and Mrs. Wm. J. Davies, the recently-appointed Territorial Evangelists, have begun to tour Canada to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ in word and music.

The Major and his wife have had a most interesting career which has included eight years in helping to train young men and women for officership in The Salvation Army — two and a half years of this time at the College for Officers in Nigeria, West Afri-

ca, where the Major was Training Principal. Six years have been spent in divisional and territorial youth work and eight years in corps work, their last appointment prior to their new post being the command of St. John's Temple Corps, in Newfoundland.

The Major believes that prayer, publicity, personal involvement and positive thinking are some of the essentials for a successful campaign. For its scope he draws attention to the words of Jesus;

*The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He has anointed me to preach good news to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recovering the sight of the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed (Luke 4: 18 RSV).*

Robert E. Speer describes evangelism thus: "So to present Christ Jesus in the power of the Holy

Spirit that men will come to put their trust in God through Him, to accept Him as their King in the following of His Church."

As the Territorial Evangelists move across the territory it is requested that all will enter into a partnership in prayer, that God through His gracious Holy Spirit will give guidance and bless them with the physical and spiritual strength required for this new challenge.

Captain William Clarke, the other Territorial Evangelist, who was appointed in June, 1966, continues his ministry mainly in the western provinces of Canada.



Major and Mrs. William Davies



CBC Photo

# Paddle your own canoe!

**T**HERE'S something about the bite of the air up north that stirs the city-smogged blood and gives an unexpected lift to tired muscles.

There is a unity of effort in paddling the balanced, thin-walled canoe. Listen for the slight frothing cut of the bow as it slices the green-brown water. Hear the sucking swirl of the wake as it twists in a thousand bubbles behind the fragile hull.

Watch the lead and paddle together. Stroke for stroke; flashing, dipping blade for flashing, dipping blade. Don't relax too much or catch a crab. Keep together and each one paddle your own canoe — as if you were the only one, as if the whole effort depended on you.

Soon the straining, muscle-cracking, digging of smooth paddles into glistening, endless water is over. Coast to the shore and relax, shoulders slumped and hear breath coming hoarsely.

Canoeing is fun, but it is also a discipline of tight and necessary teamwork. No one is foolish enough to stand up in the middle of the canoe, or paddle the wrong way, or rock the boat violently. Even though you're dead beat you won't let your partners down. You'll do what is necessary simply because it is ne-

cessary for the safety of everyone, including yourself.

Some people are very proud of the fact—and make no bones about it — that they are self-sufficient and prefer to "paddle their own canoe" through life. But that's just not possible.

Your canoe of life has other people in it

who are depending on you to do your part. Perhaps you've forgotten about them. Maybe while you wanted everyone to see what a good paddler you are the rest of the people have been lost overboard. You've lost your luggage and the canoe itself is leaking rather badly.

The continuing teamwork so necessary in life is possible when we look to Jesus Christ as the lead stroke. He helps us to paddle our own canoe, not in a destructive way, but constructively. He guides us to the shore, safely.

## Miracle Valley converts enter foster corps

**A** DUSTY car driven by Captain Douglas Warren, of the Salvation Army's Powell River Corps, jerked to a halt in front of the Mary Copp Lodge at Miracle Valley, B.C.

Raymond Kingsbury, a resident of the centre, was taking his first step back into society, leaving Miracle Valley after eleven months, a child of God—a product of the Harbour Light ministry at the Miracle Valley centre.

Ray came to the Valley broken, beaten and brought to the bottom by the curse of alcoholism. Months of personal struggle, counselling sessions and prayer, brought this young man into a personal relationship with Christ, a possession he shared proudly with

others as he served in the first-aid room.

Arrangements were made for Ray to move to Powell River, where the corps officer would assist him in finding work and accommodation. Financial assistance from the Harbour Light Corps would continue until he was self-sufficient.

Ray quickly found work, and a bicycle provides transportation as he rides to and from work—a journey of five hours, round-trip.

Similar arrangements were made for Dave Johnson, another Miracle Valley convert, who joined Ray two weeks later and is now also working in the Powell River area.

These men are the first two to take advantage of a new project which holds much potential to future clients successfully rehabilitated through the Harbour Light ministry.

The rewards are numerous. In addition to employment and the guidance of the corps officer, the men are soldiering in the corps and are embraced within the fellowship of its members.

—The Vancouver "Harbourlight"

## For Sinners only!

**O**NE little boy I know is convinced that Good Samaritans don't wear beards and bell-bottoms. They do, though, drive bread trucks, dry cleaners' delivery vans or milk wagons.

Racing around a street corner on his bike the small boy's wheels skidded on loose gravel. Before he knew what happened: he shot over the handlebars and was lying on the road, with the bike on top of him. Tears, bloody scratches and shock mingled in loud wails.

Across the road, delivering handbills, was a bearded, bell-bottom-trousered boy of about nineteen or twenty. In the words of the little boy "He just stared at me and then turned around and walked off without saying a word. He didn't even care!"

A delivery van rounded the corner and, seeing the child on the street scrambling madly to get out of the way and pull his bike at the same time, stopped abruptly. The driver climbed out, went to the child, picked up the bike and put it in the back of his truck and drove the little boy home. On the way he constantly reassured him that the cuts really weren't that bad.

He dropped off the kid and his bike at the lad's home and, without waiting for thanks, drove off.

Simple human kindness! It makes me feel very good inside to know that it still exists. I wonder why it was shown only by a "square," a member of the older generation, and not by one of the loud, young protestors against society and its rottenness? Maybe the shouters are looking in the wrong direction. Perhaps they should discover their own personal short-comings and do something about that.

—JEREMIAH

## ANY PROBLEMS?

Any reader wishing to accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour, or desiring help on any moral or spiritual problem, is invited to speak to the next uniformed Salvationist he may meet, or write to: The Salvation Army, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 102, Ontario.

# The sad state of Sardis

## Chapter 3: 1-6

A MISSIONARY in Turkey, Thomas Cosmades, has provided us with pictures of the site of Sardis. One of them shows the ruins of a heathen temple, behind which are the ruins of a Christian church. The immense temple, built by Alexander the Great in the fourth century B.C., was dedicated to Artemis, a Greek goddess. Magnificent in its day, only a few columns now stand. Of the church built in the fourth century A.D., nothing but crumbling walls remain.

To the Christian, it does not seem surprising that the temple fell. Dark idolatry has met its doom. But why should the church perish, we wonder. The answer, however, is not difficult. Christ's warning, in the letter before us, went unheeded.

### A dear church

Was this a true church of Christ, then? Our answer must simply be that Jesus addresses it as *the church in Sardis* (v. 1) so no one has the right to deprive it of the title, no matter how faulty it seems. It is not ours to judge one another, corporately or individually. If the light fails completely, the Lord Himself will remove the lampstand, but always with infinite sadness. Sardis is one example, but history provides many others.

When the church of North Africa was founded in the second century, its members were earnest and godly. But in time the leaders began to quarrel among themselves and lost their evangelistic zeal and passion for holiness. They became so weak that the Muslims of the seventh century swept them away and today Christians in North Africa are few.

It is humiliating to have to admit that not all professing Christians are genuine, but it is true. To Sardis Jesus said *thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead* (v. 1). Some of the same conditions prevailed elsewhere, too.

The Nicolaitanes in Pergamos (2: 15) no doubt called themselves Christians, but it is doubtful if Jesus did. The Jezebel party (2: 20) may have considered themselves leaders in the Thyatiran church, but the threats Jesus made indicate that they were hypocrites. Again, would the Lord say to any genuine child of His what He said to the Laodiceans (3:

16)? No doubt they had loved Him once, but now they were lukewarm, boastful and backslidden.

The specific sin of Sardis is not stated. Perhaps it was general complacency and snugness. Perhaps its members simply coasted along with the everyday pagan life and unchristian practices of their heathen environment. This was an age when the head of state called himself *Dominus et Deus* (Lord and God) and demanded that citizens acknowledge his divinity. Perhaps Christians of Sardis were too weak to resist the pressure.

In any case, they had a reputation for activity and spirituality, but the name was a lie. The

coming of the Day of the Lord is described in this way (Matthew 24: 43, I Thess. 5: 2), so Jesus may here be saying that His second coming will catch them off their guard as it will other *children of darkness*.

We have seen, however, that not every reference to Jesus' coming in these letters has to do with His personal return. There is a *coming* which is a crisis in the life of the particular church. So perhaps He is here warning of a *coming* in judgment, within the processes of history, a coming which repentance could avert (compare 2: 16).

Here is another case where the message to the church is illustrated in the history of the city

was impossible. In verses 2 and 3 five staccato imperatives ring out: *Be watchful! . . . Strengthen the things which remain! . . . Remember! . . . Hold fast! . . . Repent!* If only Sardis had obeyed!

Jesus has *the seven Spirits of God* (v. 1). This is the one Holy Spirit in His seven-fold fulness, with power to meet our needs. "The spirits are seven because the churches in which they operate are seven" explains Swete, and Archbishop Trench adds that Spirit is regarded here "not so much in His personal unity as in His manifold energy."

What other message does a dead church need? It is He who can breathe into our formal worship until it comes alive and is real. It is He who can rescue a dying church and make it a living force in the community. If Jesus has the seven stars in His right hand, perhaps He has the seven spirits in His left. If so, we may exclaim with one commentator "If only He were to bring His hands together!"

### A few names

Despite the general lack of life, there were still some genuine Christians even in Sardis. Those who heard General Albert Orsborn's sermon on verse 4 will remember with what emphasis he declared "God loves His minorities!"

Many were soiled with the dirt of sin, but a few had not *defiled their garments* (v. 4). Their reward is to be *clothed in white raiment* (v. 5). White is a common colour in Revelation; we read of a white stone, white cloud, white horses and a great white throne. It is a characteristic col-

## Revelation (12)

church was almost completely filled with what we now call nominal Christians. Writes John Stott "The correct word for this behaviour is hypocrisy . . . It is the 'let's pretend' of religion and hypocrisy can permeate the whole life of a church. It can invade our worship.

"We can have a fine choir, an expensive organ, good music, great anthems and fine congregational singing. We can mouth hymns and psalms with unimpeachable eloquence, while our mind wanders and our heart is far from God.

"We can have pomp and ceremony, prayer and ritual, liturgical exactness and ecclesiastical splendour and yet be offering a worship which is not perfect or fulfilled in the sight of God. Those of us whose privilege it is to be in the ordained ministry can be hypocrites in our praying and preaching, too."

### A ringing challenge

So Sardis was lifeless. Her doings were the rattlings of so many animated skeletons. No matter how apparently religious, without divine life, man is dead in sin (compare Ezekiel 37: 1-4, Ephesians 2: 1 and I Timothy 5: 6). The warning of Jesus is that unless the church repents, he will come *as a thief* (v. 3). Often

in which it was located. Sardis stood on a plateau atop a hill, almost impregnable. The acropolis, accessible only by a narrow approach from the south, had never been captured by assault, yet it had twice fallen to surprise attacks; first to the Persian Cyrus and later to Antiochus the Great.

The Greek historian Herodotus tells the story of that first fall, explaining that Cyrus besieged

## by Major Edward Read

Sardis for fourteen days and then offered a reward to any of his soldiers who could find a way into the city. One of his men had been watching the battlements and had seen a defending soldier accidentally drop his helmet, then make his way down the precipice to retrieve it. So he knew there must be a crack in the rock, and that night he found his way up it to the top.

The battlements were completely unguarded; the Sardinians thought themselves safe and in no need of defence at that point. So Sardis fell. People in a city like that, if they knew their history at all, should have had a keen awareness of the importance of Christ's warning, *Watch!*

Is there any hope for Sardis? Yes, for Jesus would not have spoken as He did if improvement

our of heaven and obviously symbolizes purity. The overcomer's white robe is that holiness which is his because he has washed in the Blood of the Lamb (7: 14, 22: 14).

Another promise to the overcomer alludes to something mentioned earlier. A *name* is mentioned three times, in fact. Many in Sardis had a name to live, but one's name can be on a church roll without being on the divine register.

A few names, however, were precious to Christ. They are victors and none such will have his name blotted out of *the book of life* (v. 5). Note how big a place this list of possessors of eternal life plays in subsequent judgments (13: 8, 17: 8, 20: 12, 15 and 21: 27).

(To be continued)

## God sends a man to market

but when you have finished you must lift  
your basket and go. (Efik Proverb)

by Captain John Coutts  
Nigeria

PROVERBS are of great value to the student of history, because they tell us a lot about the customs and beliefs of ancient people. This is so particularly in Africa, where languages have not been written down until quite recently. The proverb quoted above, recorded by the Reverend Hugh Goldie at Calabar and published at Calabar in 1862, tells us something about belief in God in the days before Christianity.

The meaning is clear: God sends you to market—He gives you life—but in the end you must pack and go. You must die when God wills it. This proverb, like many others, makes it clear that in Africa long ago, while many gods were worshipped, one God was believed to rule supreme in the affairs of men. God sends a man to market: God places us in the world and guides our lives. Our lives end when God wills it. Nevertheless, before the gospel

came, people had only a vague idea of God. They thought He lived far away in heaven while witches, ghosts, and spirits of land and water were near at hand. The proverb we have quoted is "pessimistic": it looks at the sad side of life: nothing a man can do can alter the date of his death. This is little different from belief in "fate" or the idea that man's life is controlled by the stars. Belief in "what the stars foretell," though no part of ancient African custom, is now being encouraged by certain newspapers and magazines who should know better than to print such nonsense.

It is true that "God sends a man to market"—that our lives are guided by God. Jesus who came to fulfil the wisdom of Africa and not to destroy it, fulfils this proverb also. He expresses the same truth but in a more cheerful form based on His clear and true knowledge of



God. "Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? And not one of them will fall to the ground without your Father's will. But even the hairs of your head are all numbered" (Matthew 10: 29).

The followers of Jesus do not believe in fate or luck or chance: they believe in providence. Providence means "watching over." God watches over His world like a loving father. The small bird dies—but even the bird is an object of God's loving care. Human beings are subject to illness and disappointment, but God still guides them, and not as a car is compelled by a driver, but as a baby is helped and encouraged by his parents. The same picture is used by the prophet Hosea, "When Israel was a child, I loved him, and out of Egypt I called My Son. . . . It was I who taught Ephraim to walk" (Hosea 11: 1, 3).

Such was the faith of Jesus. He believed, not in fate, not in a God who cuts short our career for no reason we discover, but in providence, in a God who guides us faithfully on our way.

Many people will cry out against this. The boy or girl denied an education because their parents are poor; the poor palm fruit cutter unable to go to the hospital; the family man struck down by an incurable disease—all these may turn round and say that providence is nonsense, and "fate" or "the stars" or "chance" rule us all.

But it is Jesus who speaks to us of a loving Father; and Jesus was prepared to die on the Cross for His belief. If that was the end, then Jesus was the most deceived of men. But if the Cross was not the end and Jesus rose from the dead and comforts His faithful people, then we may trust in God even when we cannot see our way.

"God sends a man to market." Christians believe this. In the end we must take our basket and go! This is also true, but we do not go on into total darkness and fear, because Jesus, the Son of God, has been present with us in the marketplace of the world, and we trust that we shall see Him face to face in the world to come.

—taken from a Challenge Series book entitled "Wit and Wisdom of Africa."

### "Just a moment, Lord"

#### Self-Pity

LORD, THERE'S SOMEONE LURKING WITHIN ME:

Shrouded and gloomy she goes her way  
With downcast eyes,  
Dragging steps  
And doleful mien.

She's the shadow of a better me.  
She's something good gone sour,  
Self-replete and self-stilled.

To hear her talk is a revelation;  
No one ever had it so bad.  
Her setbacks are unrivalled,  
Her problems mountain-high.  
Turned in upon herself she mopes and broods,  
Sobs and sighs:  
Poor me . . . poor me . . .  
Poor miserable me!

Out upon you, traitor, I cry:  
I'll have none of your mournful dirges . . .  
Away with you from my house of life!  
Help me to bear bravely my own share of life's burdens;  
Help me to find others who also suffer  
And try to bring them comfort.  
Let me take another's hand in mine and say:  
Courage! the storm will pass,  
Look up, the day will soon dawn.

Lord, save me from self-pity.

FLORA LARSSON

#### WEEKLY PRAYER SUBJECT

Those who pioneer new forms of medical, surgical and psychiatric treatment.

**PRAYER:** God of truth and wisdom, Thou knowest all secrets. Draw into Thy sphere of beauty, purity and light all who, for high motives, seek to discover new ways of relieving suffering. Save them from any thought of self-glory. Grant them patience and love.



Relevancy marks the straightforward ideas which CATHERINE BOOTH, the Army Mother, offers in this the second article of a series. You will find within her nineteenth century terminology beliefs, passionately held, which helped to shape the Army.

These articles will inspire the hearts of many to God-directed and needed action.

I WANT to show how Christ transcends the law. He does so, among other things, by giving power over sin. I believe He can do a great deal more for His people than this, but we will stop here.

We have all been slaves of sin. How is it, if there is no deliverance from this dreadful plague and scourge of God's people, that the Holy Ghost sets every real child of God struggling after it? Whatever may be a man's theory in his creed, you get him on his knees and he will begin to pray to God to save him from sin. Sin is the abominable thing which he hates and longs to be delivered from, and the universal experience of God's people is that the Spirit urges them to seek to be saved from it.

If I have been under the power of sin so as to become its complete slave and Jesus Christ comes and pardons me for the past and delivers me from the guilt and condemnation which came upon me in consequence of the past, what do I want? I want something besides pardon. I want power to stand, or I shall be down again the next minute.

### Need power

What God does for us through Jesus Christ outside of us is one thing, and what He does in us by Jesus Christ is another thing; but the two are simultaneous, or one so immediately succeeds the other that we hardly discern the interval. Now, I say, I want power to enable me to meet that temptation which is coming on me tomorrow, as it came on me yesterday; and if Jesus Christ pardons me and leaves me under the reigning power of my old appetites, what has He done for me? I shall be down in the mud, and tomorrow night I shall be as condemned as ever. I want power. I want regeneration. As the Holy Spirit has put it, I want the renewing of my mind.

This is precisely where Jesus Christ transcends the law. The law could not renew the spirit of my mind. It could only show

# GOOD EVIL GOOD EVIL GOOD



An artist's impression of Catherine Booth in the 1860s.

me what a guilty rebel I was. It could not put a better spirit in me. It could not extract the venom, but only show it to me, and make me writhe on account of it. But Jesus Christ comes and gives me power.

How does He give it to me? He unites me to Himself. He delivers me from the condemning power of the law when He pardons me, and does not leave me there, but unites me to Himself. Then I attain power to bring forth fruit unto God. It is by the union of my soul with Him. I cannot explain it. God Himself does not explain it. While we cannot explain it, yet we know it. As Jesus said to Nicodemus "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The mystery is too great to be explained, but there is the beautiful illustration; united to Christ I have power to conquer, to trample under foot those things which heretofore have been my master, and by

virtue of Him I retain the power, and in no other way.

God is raising up thousands of witnesses to this fact, that power is not in knowledge but in union with Him. The things of God can only be understood by those who have the Spirit of God. The world by wisdom knows not God any more now than it did in Paul's day. The things of the Spirit are only spiritually comprehended.

### Branch life

"Abide in Me, and I in you" said Jesus. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me." You know what the branch is when it is broken off. It retains the form of a branch, and for a while the beauty and the greenness of a branch, but it is broken off. It can never bear fruit, because the communication is cut between itself and the vine, and there is no sap in its fibre.

You can be like a branch. You can get so much scriptural knowledge that you can look just like a real Christian. You can get many of the feelings and sentiments, as well as a great many of the aspirations and desires, of a Christian. You can be so like a branch that nobody but Jesus Christ may know you are not in that true Vine, and yet you have never been grafted (Rom. 11: 17, R.V.) on to the tree. Hence you have no power, and down you go when the temptation comes.

I made up my mind to know God when I was fifteen years of age. I had had the striving of God's Spirit all my life, since I was about two years old. All through my childhood I was graciously sheltered by a watchful mother from outward sin and, in fact, brought up as a Christian. When I came to be between fifteen and sixteen and, as I believe, was thoroughly converted, the great temptation of Satan to me was this: "You must not expect such a change as you read of in books. You have been half a Christian all your life. You always feared God. You must content yourself with this." I was frightened at it. I said "No no!

My heart is as bad as other people's and if I have not sinned outwardly I have inwardly." I cried to God to show me the evil of my heart, and said "I will never rest until I am as thoroughly and truly changed, and know it, as any thief or any great outward sinner."

All can have this union. Christ, who is no respecter of persons, brought it for us. He need not have come if we could have known God by the law. If that old covenant had been perfect, there would have been no room for a second. It brought us not into the full realization and enjoyment of God, but the new covenant does. It cleanses the conscience from dead works to serve the living God, and God is henceforth revealed to His people, and they walk with Him.

All through the New Testament, and indeed the whole Bible, no truth is taught with greater force and frequency than this: that without a vital union of the soul with Christ all ceremonies, creeds, beliefs, professions, church ordinances are sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and all who trust in them will be deceived. This is the very essence of the gospel. Christ came purposely for us to have union with Himself. What is the result of this union? "That we should bring forth fruit unto God." Jesus Christ recognizes the fact that we are still in the body, still in the world; and that we are open to the attacks of Satan. He has foreseen and has provided for the temptations which come to us through our natural appetites and instincts and desires, as they came to Him.

### Appetites not Sin

It matters not how intensely excited any physical appetite may be—that is not sin. The more you suffer through the excitement of the physical appetite, of whatever kind it may be, the more Jesus Christ sympathizes with you, for He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." If you endure temptation, He will sympathize with you more than with the man who does not have to endure and resist. If you resist as He

(Continued on page 14)

## Vine and Branches

O Living Vine, as branches we would find true life in Thee.  
Thou art the source of daily strength; teach us this truth to see.  
May we desire to share Thy life, and be as one with Thee.

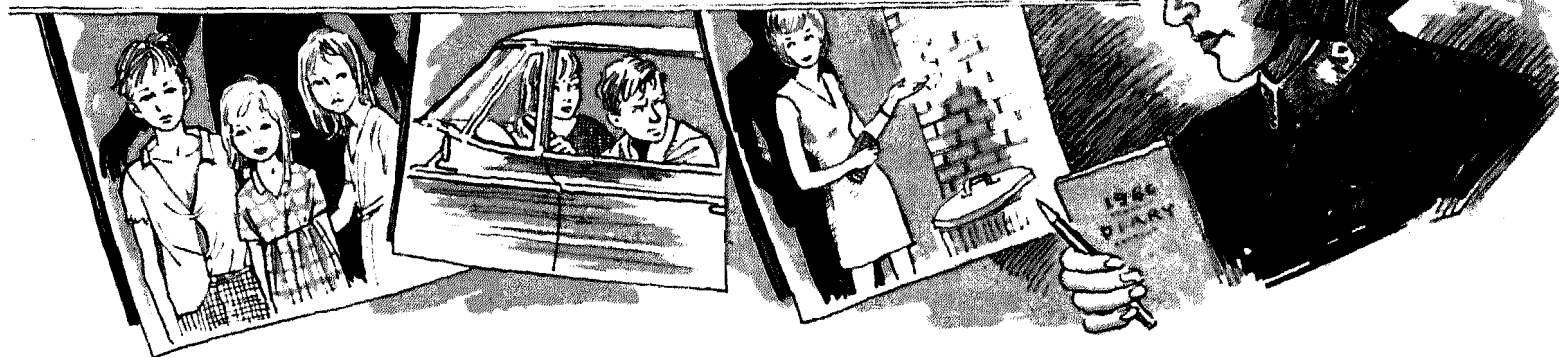
Apart from Thee we bear no fruit; our lives are waste and bare.  
O Master Gardener, purge and prune our hearts, and do not spare.  
And teach us how to find the source of life through fervent prayer.

Thy promise to all who abide in Thee, and keep Thy word  
Is that by fruitful lives we may lead others to the Lord.  
O grant to us that depth of love, Thy fulness doth afford.

Then may that love through us overflow to those who seek the light;  
And use our witness Lord to guide the erring ones aright.  
We would abide in Thee for aye, and serve Thee day and night.

GLADYS EDMUNDS

# The Captain keeps a Diary



These stories of God at work through The Salvation Army's Women's Social Services are taken from the files of Major Mary Webb, an officer who was involved in this ministry for a number of years.

## ● MRS. F. AND FOUR CHILDREN

**W**HAT a day! The Captain had to drop everything else to cope with the emergency. It was a Saturday morning, and the Captain planned to have lunch with a friend, then do some washing and ironing and mending. However, just at noon, Mrs. F. arrived travel-worn and weary, with John aged seven, Bert aged six, Mary aged four and baby less than one year.

The mother and children had been two days and two nights on the train. Mrs. F. explained "I didn't know what to do so I packed up everything and came away." Asked why she had come to our city, she replied "The folks on the train said the best thing to do was to come to The Salvation Army." The Captain struggled to find out why Mrs. F. had decided to pack up so quickly, but made little progress so she suggested that mother and children have a wash and a meal and a rest. She arranged for this and in the meantime got busy finding a place where this family could shelter.

This was not an easy matter. In a big city rooms are hard to get, and landlords are not interested where young children have to be housed. (The Captain sometimes wonders if our worthy citizens ever consider the fact that the children of today are the citizens of tomorrow.) At last some temporary arrangements were made for housing until the mother had time to calm herself down and we could attempt to unravel her story.

The next day, Mrs. F. felt better and the children were rested. She told us how she had lived happily with her husband

in a small mining town. He earned good money. Living quarters were crowded, but planning and pulling together they had managed to bring up the four children. One day, the police arrived and arrested Mr. F. on a serious charge and transported him to another province for trial. Mrs. F. unable to face the predicament, packed up and left. "I've come to be present at his trial" she said.

Now that we had some idea of the situation leading up to the long trip on the train, the Captain asked Major X to visit Mr. F. at the prison. Also it was arranged that Mrs. F. could visit her husband and we gave her some money to get a few necessities for the children.

On the day of the trial, Major X spoke with the judge with a view to having some consideration given to the family circumstances when judgment was to be given. Captain minded the children while mother went to court. Mrs. F. was so grateful. She feels she can never repay the kindness shown, and here we had a chance to remind her of God's saving grace. Mrs. F. was invited to attend the meeting at the Army hall on Sunday.

## ● MET BUS AND MR. JONES

**T**HERE was a telephone call from Major S. in a northern city. Would the Captain please meet the bus arriving at four o'clock that day and look after Mr. Jones who was to continue his journey to a city further on where he was to take up residence in the Salvation Army home for the aged. He would have one hour to visit between buses.

The bus arrived on time. The friendly driver was shouting instructions and advice loudly into the ear of Mr. Jones. With help the old gentleman, plus sticks and baggage, stepped down from the bus, breathless and flushed.

The day was bitterly cold, so the Captain took Mr. Jones into the warm bus station and found him a seat. A cup of coffee and some friendly conversation helped the time to pass and Mr. Jones was reassured many times that the baggage was all right and the ticket in order. In a very loud voice, the aged gentleman told us that he was ninety-one years of age. He lived alone for many years since the death of his wife. Confidentially he said, "I have a lot of money." When Mr. Jones could no longer look after himself, he went to the police for advice as to what he could do.

The police contacted The Salvation Army and help was given in selling the furniture and arranging for his care in the Eventide Home.

Mr. Jones reminded the Captain several times during the hour at the bus station that there was nothing wrong with him. The Captain was able to comfort this lonely soul with the assurance that the Eventide Home would give him the security which he needs, and also talked to him of our Heavenly Father who cares for us.

## ● MRS. STEWART NEEDED HELP

**O**NE Sunday night after the meeting in the Salvation Army hall, the Captain talked with Mrs. Stewart. She is a tall middle-aged woman, her dress

has been elegant, and even in her confusion and weakness she was ladylike in her manner.

It seems that Mrs. Stewart is a heavy drinker, and tonight, once again, she has come to the end of her resources. For days she has not eaten, slept nor had any peace of mind. She has been drinking constantly to drown the loneliness. So this evening she found her way to the Salvation Army hall downtown, vaguely hoping for peace and comfort.

Quickly, the Captain made some coffee and, as Mrs. Stewart sipped it nervously, the Captain talked to her. She was then taken to the Women's Home and put to bed, with a brief prayer that the Lord would watch over her.

After several days, Mrs. Stewart began to recover, and it was possible to talk to her further and listen to some of the anxieties which she carried in her heart and other things which had caused her to resort to drinking and brought her to a state of destitution. Her husband is a doctor, her son works in a bank, but Mrs. Stewart is estranged from them both. Practically all her clothing has been sold to get money for drink. Even her wedding ring was sacrificed to provide money.

The Captain read to Mrs. Stewart the parable of the lost sheep. She listened with bowed head and the tears dropped to the table at which she sat. Here was the beginning of new thinking and living for this fifty-year-old woman. The beginning of realizing that our Heavenly Father loves us and forgives us if we will ask Him and believe on Him.

Gradually a sense of self-respect came to this woman. She was prepared to make an effort to break away from bad habits and recognize that she counted for something, and that God loves her, however unworthy she may feel herself to be.

# seen and heard

Comments by the  
CHIEF SECRETARY

## JACKSON'S POINT

It was a rabbit sitting in the path of the car in quiet disdain at the intrusion of the mechanical monster entering its domain. It refused to move in spite of the sounding of the horn so I hopped out of the car to shoo it away and soon the little white tail was bobbing away under a nearby hedge.

We had left the roar of city traffic with thunder-clouds hanging low, following a torrential downpour with the consequent mist emphasizing the humidity, but within a few miles the air had cleared, the sun was shining, the houses were left behind and here we were in a real haven of quietness that could have been another country thousands of miles from Toronto.

Youngsters were soon to be seen streaming across the grounds of the Army's fresh air camp toward Lake Simcoe for their swimming time. Their healthy brown bodies gave evidence of the value of this holiday by the lake, and made very worth while the foot-slogging in the rain of Red Shield canvassers who could not then visualize cents and dimes being turned into healthy bodies and happy, laughing children.

Salvationist families had gathered in the adjacent camp for their annual time of recreation. For some this annual pilgrimage had been a year-round anticipation for a growing family who find here everything to cater for holiday needs, including excellent and adequate meals served by smiling vacationing schoolgirls.

Sunday was time for worshipping together as a family in a crowded hall with plenty of robust singing, a sparkling variety of interesting holiday wear, the quiet responsiveness of good listening to the message and plenty of time to gather in groups outside the hall after the meeting to meet friends not seen since this time last year.

Yes, the rabbit heralded the quietness that seeps into one's soul in preparation for renewal, uplift and relaxation; a time to thank God for all the good things of life so easily missed in the hustle and bustle of events that require concentration on immediate tasks, and little time or desire to raise one's eyes to the glory of surroundings that are part of God's gift to His children.

*Geoffrey Delziel*

## Winnipeg Advisory Board Losses

THE Salvation Army's Metropolitan Winnipeg Advisory Board has suffered a great loss in the recent passing of three valued members who represented a total of 87 years' service to the Board.

Mr. J. D. Moulden was a pioneer member of the Board which was set up in 1920. Lieut.-Colonel William Oake (R) writes of Mr. Moulden; "He was always to the front, building up our campaign committees for over a quarter of a century, giving liberally of his time and money." Mr. Moulden was for many years a member of the Board of Management of the Grace Hospital.

Mr. B. C. Scrivener was the Red Shield Chairman in 1948 and joined the Advisory Board in 1949, while another member, Mr. C. G. Carter, joined in 1951. The present Advisory Board Chairman, Mr. J. Gilchrist, said: "The board today honours their unflinching interest in the welfare of the Army in every aspect of its work and their devoted service to The Salvation Army in Winnipeg will be greatly missed." —WAJH

## From a Newfoundland Outport

AFTER sixteen years of faithful witness at the Rowntree Corps, Sister Mrs. Dinah Burton recently was promoted to Glory.

Mrs. Burton was born in a small outport in Newfoundland where she was converted in the United Church many years ago. In 1953 she came to Toronto where she linked up with the Rowntree Corps and served as a faithful home league member.

She will be remembered for her Christian influence; always

ready to help someone, and many were touched by her life. Major Herbert Sharp, who swore-in Mrs. Burton as a soldier, conducted the funeral service. Mrs. Burton is survived by her husband, three daughters and four sons.

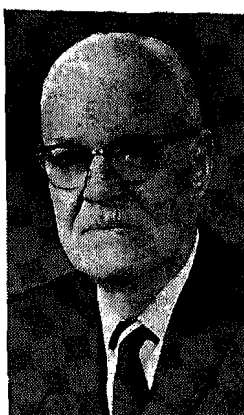
—K.J.D.



MR. C. G. CARTER



MR. B. C. SCRIVENER



MR. J. D. MOULDEN

Mrs. Brigadier  
Sydney  
Boulton



Mrs. Lieut.-  
Colonel  
Oliver  
Welbourn



BORN to Salvationist parents at Essex Corps, Ont., the late Mrs. Brigadier Sydney Boulton (R) entered the Toronto Training College from that corps in 1916. She was converted as a young girl in her teens and during this time felt the call to officership.

Following appointments in the New Brunswick Division, Lieutenant Mildred Burton was married to Captain Sydney Boulton, then stationed at Parrsboro, N.S. Other corps appointments in the Maritimes were succeeded by several in Ontario, including Belleville, Lindsay, Ottawa II, and later they became known and respected in such Toronto Corps as Mount Dennis and Brock Avenue. In these many corps appointments, Mrs. Boulton constantly gave outstanding service and nobly supported her husband.

Until their retirement in December, 1957, the Boultons served in the Men's Social Service Department and at the Fort William and Brandon Eventide Homes. Mrs. Brigadier Boulton will long be remembered for her quiet efficient and faithful service in an impressive number of corps and social institutions where a life-long impact was made for her Lord and Master and the Kingdom of God.

ONE of several Salvationists who left Hamilton Citadel, Ont., Corps, many years ago eventually to become a missionary officer was Myrtle McAmmond who entered the Toronto Training College in 1922. The daughter of a former Field Secretary of the Canadian Territory, she married the then Captain Oliver Welbourn in 1924 after which they proceeded overseas to northern China. For twenty-three years she supported her husband in various appointments. For a time she served as the private secretary to the Territorial Commander for China.

Owing to the vicissitudes of World War II, the family became separated for a time, but parents and children were re-united in an internment camp in March, 1943. They were released in October, 1945.

The children are; Joy (Mrs. Gordon Effer of Chicago), Carol (Mrs. Captain Leonard Pearo, of Woodstock, Ont.), and Hugh of Toronto.

Returning to Canada two years later, she served with her husband for fourteen years in divisional work and despite periodic physical ailment maintained a courageous spirit and was a tower of strength to her husband. To the very end she maintained her characteristic poise and dignity and continued thinking of others in the true spirit of Christ.

Commissioner William Dray (R) paid tribute to Mrs. Welbourn during the memorial service, referring to her parents, Colonel and Mrs. David McAmmond.

## Unselfish help-mate

AN adherent of the St. Catharines Corps, Ont., for many years, Brother John (Jack) Rose was promoted to Glory at the age of seventy-four.

Jack Rose was born in Scotland but resided for the last thirty-eight years in St. Catharines. A veteran of the First World War, Brother Rose suffered from the severe wounds he had received which caused him disability and suffering all his life. However, he was most anxious that Mrs. Rose should never neglect her league of mercy duties. He was one of those unselfish help-mates who do much to extend God's Kingdom although unable to actively take part. He always had a cheery word of greeting.

The funeral service was conducted by Brigadier Cyril Frayn. He is survived by his wife, two sons and a daughter.

—Mrs. Nellie Stevens



# Stocked up with vitamins

## U.S. guest's comments on Miracle Valley Bible camp

**A**N American guest at the fifth annual Miracle Valley Bible Conference said "I'm heading back across the border to Sacramento with a huge stock of vitamins, spiritual vitamins that is."

Nearly three hundred people participated in the two-week conference with weekend attendances rising to more than five hundred.

Speakers were the Rev. and Mrs. Fred Zarfes of Danville, California; Major Edward Read, Principal at the College for Officers in St. John's, Nfld., and Captain William Clarke, Territorial Evangelist. The conference was under the direction of Major William Leslie who was assisted by Major and Mrs. Tom Bell, resident officers. A high point of the

conference was the meetings directed toward youth. Between morning and evening sessions, there was time for recreation with resort-type facilities and pleasant surroundings making the conference an ideal Christian holiday.

St. Georges Corps (Bermuda) recently celebrated its 72nd Anniversary. Seen cutting the Anniversary Cake are retired Home League Secretary Mrs. Inez Henries and Junior Marvin Washington, Captain and Mrs. Henry Jewer, formerly the corps officers, stand by.



## Two people of nation-wide experience

### Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. James Habkirk retire

A transfer to the men's social work followed and for a total of twenty-one years they devoted themselves to the spiritual and material needs of men who sought their aid in Montreal, Ottawa, Victoria and Vancouver.

In the earlier years, the Correctional Services work was undertaken by the men's social officers and at each of these centres the Colonel attended the police courts, conducted meetings in the correctional institutions and counselled and assisted the men before and after their release.

After service as the Chief Side Officer for Men at the Toronto Training College, Lieut.-Colonel Habkirk was appointed to territorial headquarters as Territorial Auditor and, for the last four years, Assistant to the Chief Secretary which involved special responsibility as Secretary of the Officers' Retirement Trust.

While in headquarters' appointments, the Colonel has always been active in the corps where he soldiered, valuing especially the opportunity to witness for Christ in the open-air meetings. He has maintained his interest in young people's work through the years. Before retiring, the Colonel taught the senior Bible class and was the Corps Cadet Counsellor at the Birchcliffe Corps, Scarborough.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Habkirk has shared the responsibilities of their work and at Birchcliffe has been especially used of God in praying with the women seekers at the Mercy Seat, then counselling and preparing them for soldiery.

Concerning the work of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Habkirk, the

Staff Secretary (Colonel Frank Moulton) states "These comrade officers have for long years worked faithfully and efficiently for God and the Army in Canada. Their dedication has taken them into a variety of appointments where they have served with diligence and effectiveness. They have both been examples of good soldiers, working most assiduously in the interest of the Kingdom."

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Habkirk have one son, Envoy Bob, who has just been appointed to North Surrey Corps, B.C. Prior to this he was the Commanding Officer at Birchcliffe. The retirement service for Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Habkirk coincided with the Envoy's farewell Sunday from the corps.

The Chief Secretary (Colonel Geoffrey Dalziel) and Mrs. Dalziel conducted the Sunday evening meeting during which the retiring officers gave personal witness to the Lord's leading in their lives. Two married couples and a number of young people knelt at the Mercy Seat making public decisions for Christ at the conclusion of the meeting.

A "retirement hour" was held afterwards in the young people's hall over which Colonel Dalziel presided, presenting the retirement certificates to Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Habkirk. Colonel Robert Watt (R), a friend of the Colonel's since they were soldiers of Brandon Corps, spoke appreciatively of the devoted service of these officers. Both Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Habkirk praised God for the opportunities presented through officership to work for Him, and for His faithfulness during the years.

*Its coming to Toronto*

**November 1st at 7:30 p.m.  
in Massey Hall**

**THE SALVATION ARMY MUSICAL  
TAKE-OVER BID**

*featuring*

**A 200 VOICE CHOIR and  
YOUTH BRASS BAND**

**(\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00)**

*Tickets are available from*

**Metro Toronto**

**Divisional Headquarters**

**171 Millwood Rd., Toronto 295**

### FUNDS FOR INDIA

**WOMEN** of the Manitoba and North-West Ontario Division gathered at Sandy Hook for the annual home league camp which this year was under the direction of Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Meakings.

Special guest for the camp was the Territorial Home League Secretary (Brigadier Doris Fisher) who led in devotional periods and workshops. Mrs. Brigadier Earle Jarrett conducted the daily Bible study.

Recently returned from Kenya, Mrs. Major Leonard Millar was the speaker at a missionary evening arranged by Mrs. Captain Roy Wombold. The proceeds from a successful apron parade and auction sale were given to Captain Margaret Baker of India, and also to the Hong Kong Children Fund. Other money donated went toward the purchase of a kitchen stove for the camp.



The Chief Secretary (Colonel Geoffrey Dalziel) and Mrs. Dalziel view a three-dimensional diorama depicting an early day Salvation Army open-air meeting, a feature of the Army's booth at the Canadian National Exhibition. Captain Lloyd Eason, designer of the booth, discusses it with them.

### MISSIONARY REINFORCEMENTS

Lieutenant and Mrs. Alexander Guiney, last stationed at Meadow Lake, Sask., leave Canada on September 10th for missionary service in Brazil.



# musical LINES

**B**ANDS are very useful adjuncts to corps and in many cases bear the main burden of corps activities (to their great credit), but there are dangers in this situation. A division can grow up between the bandmen and other soldiers in the corps (the physical arrangement of platform and rear exit can have a great deal to do with this, but is by no means completely to blame). Soldiers can be made to feel second-class citizens, become cut off from the banding fellowship and get dis-

be the major constituent part of a corps; it is only one of the potential tools in our armoury, an aid to conducting the salvation war, not an aim of our efforts.

Our purpose is to be an open, friendly, welcoming, outward-looking Christian community, not a musical secret society, and a balance of six men in the band but thirty in the congregation is far more likely to appear welcoming to the visitor than a band of thirty with only six in the congregation. It must not be forgot-

ant nor most useful one, but potentially the most selfish. Let our bandmen as groups become, on banding time, the mainspring of corps' goodwill work and rediscover the full joy and meaning of Christian service. There are opportunities just waiting to be grasped: to help the sick, the aged and the needy, to dig gardens, decorate houses, help hospitals and other local social services, organize outings for the housebound and to give love to the deprived. This was Christ's

gun to re-direct their efforts and adapt their tactics with encouraging results, but all must do so and quickly.

Corps officers must provide the spiritual lead and climate for involvement and expansion, and be ready with ideas and effective, *satisfying* projects to offer their bandmen (and soldiery), but the greatest demands will be made on bandmasters and their fellow local officers, who bear a heavy and complex responsibility, for their leadership is crucial.

Any changes will demand co-operation, flexibility of outlook and increased personal involvement on the part of bandmen, but I believe that their adaptability and prayerful dedication can make this possible. Moreover, such moves will make banding more obviously relevant to the needs of the present day for our younger comrades, tapping their youthful enthusiasm. Of course, not everyone finds personal contact easy, but there is sufficient scope for every man to find a job suited to his talents, and those who do find this particular task suited to them can help their more timid brethren.

Above all, let us beware of the loss of the spiritual purpose of bands. Shortly before Catherine Booth died, the Household Troops Band visited her and she said to them:

*While the bandmen of The Salvation Army realize it to be as much their service to blow an instrument as it is to sing, pray or speak, and while they do so in the same spirit, I am persuaded it will become an ever-increasing power amongst us. But the moment you (or any other bandmen) begin to glory in the excellence of your music alone, apart from the spiritual results, you will begin, at that moment, to lose your power.*

I pray God her words be so prophetic, because it would be such an unnecessary waste, but I fear them because I am a bandman.

The last of three articles by GORDON A. BATTEN

## A Band that shall Conquer

couraged; moreover, newcomers often feel that there is nothing for them because they are not in the band.

The situation can deteriorate to the extent that the corps and the C.O. serve the band, the very reverse of the correct relationship. The band was never intended to

ten that the real strength and glory of a corps is in its ability to contact, attract and absorb new converts, and their number is the proper indicator of the corps' health, not the size or excellence of the band.

When under attack by impatient young Salvationists, as outdated irrelevant anachronisms, bands are often justified as having held many thousands of men together and kept them insulated from many dangerous temptations.

### *Esprit de corps*

This argument begs the question of how many men have been lost through internal strife in bands or reaction against their primacy in corps, but it remains true that most bands form cohesive groups with a remarkable and laudable *esprit de corps*. This spirit is potentially the greatest asset of bands and corps and the "Army"; what is regrettable is that it should be directed at present mainly into the relatively unproductive *cul-de-sac* of music-making.

What an impact would be made on an area by a dozen, twenty or even thirty men who jointly spent half the time that bands spend on practising, on community service projects! I am convinced that this would not harm our overall musical standard (and what if it did?), would improve our *esprit de corps* and would certainly attract newcomers to the corps. Let us realize that music is only one avenue of service, by no means the most import-

message and William Booth's vision, not a faultless musical combination. How about giving up one practice a month as a beginning?

### *Writing on the wall*

Bands have survived ninety years and have far from outlived their usefulness, but their energies need to be redirected if they are not to sow the seeds of their own demise and of the Army's with them. We have the right to survive only in so far as we are relevant to the present day and its demands. The writing is on the wall; the signs are to be seen pointing both to expansion and to decay. Bands stand today at the crossroads and it is for bandmen and bandmasters to choose which road to take.

Some bands have already be-

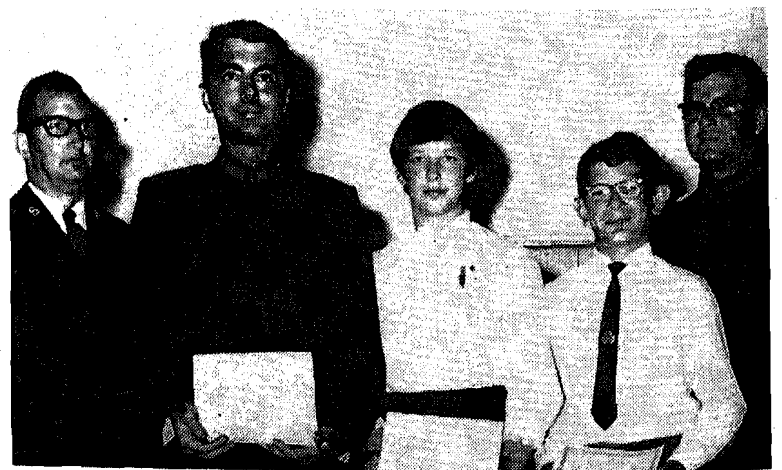
## CANADIAN BANDORAMA

Comments by the  
Territorial Music Secretary

**T**HE CANADIAN BANDORAMA 1969, to be held in Massey Hall, Toronto, on October 4th, at 7:30 p.m., will be a festival of thanksgiving and praise in the grand manner. Nine bands will be heard in both solo and massed items, and a male chorus of 250 voices, singing new arrangements of old songs, will be featured. There will also be ample opportunity for audience participation in a varied and fast-moving programme.

The two-hour programme will span the creative years of Salvation Army music. Some forty trombones will be heard in a new ensemble number from the versatile pen of Ray Steadman-Allen, based on one of the hit songs from "Take-over bid." The final item will be a massed band and vocal setting, made especially for this festival, of Eric Ball's masterpiece "The King of Kings."

Bandorama 1969, arranged and produced by Major Norman Bearcroft, will be compered by Lieut.-Commissioner William Parkins. The Commissioner, a lifelong musician and former cornet virtuoso, is the Territorial Commander for the U.S.A. Western Territory. Tickets are now available from the Special Efforts Department at 20 Albert Street, Toronto 102, at \$2.00, \$1.50, and \$1.00.



Bandmen John Shatto and Diane Daniels and Young People's Band Member Stephen Daniels were welcomed into the band at Stratford, Ont., by Bandmaster George Stott (right), after receiving their commissions from Captain J. B. Thompson (left), the Commanding Officer.

## Couldn't believe it!

**BY** now the twelve young Canadians making up this year's Salvationist Youth Service Corps will be back home. Their summer has been spent serving in various parts of the world, giving valued assistance in the multiple tasks undertaken by The Salvation Army. The following are further reports concerning their assignments overseas.

• **EAST AFRICA** (Lois Gray — Scarborough) — As it is only three weeks before the end of this school term, the students are very busy studying and the staff preparing examinations.

Since I have taught mathematics in Standards 5 and 6, I am responsible for preparing exams in these two levels. They have to be completed this week so that they can be copied in Braille at the nearby prison. One has to be conscious of so many things when setting an exam for blind students. It cannot be too long (as it takes much longer to answer in Braille) and therefore necessitates asking a few questions from a wide source of material.

Last week Captain Blurton set up a Salvation Army booth at the local Kisumu Show. It is quite similar to our exhibitions except on a smaller scale. The booth was attempting to show the general public what The Salvation Army does in the field of social work—Joytown for Cripples, Thika and Kibas Blind Schools, children's home, rehabilitation centres and so on.

Captain Blurton and Major Simiyu (the Regional Commander for this West Nyanza Province) took along two blind boys from the workshop at Thika to demonstrate how they made pottery and how they read and write in Braille. Most Africans couldn't believe what they saw!

• **EAST AFRICA** (Betty McRae—Mount Hamilton) — I arrived at Mombasa and was met by Captain Olive Bottle, who is in charge of the Likoni Blind School, and Major Deans, in charge of the Sunset Lodge.

After visiting the Lodge we went to the blind school which is in the village of Likoni across the harbour from Mombasa. There is no bridge because of the many ships that come into the harbour. As a result a ferry operates across the water.

After getting settled I was taken on a tour of the compound and introduced to the other teachers on the staff. There are sixty-five children in Standards 1 to 5. There are five teachers besides Captain Bottle.

I especially enjoyed my first

Sunday at Likoni. The senior students in my Sunday school class were particularly eager and attentive. We went into Mombasa for the morning meeting. Although the service was in Swahili, I was able to understand the "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" and the songsters sang in English. I was really impressed by the number of people in their teens and twenties attending the meeting.

Standard 5 will be my responsibility for the remainder of the

open-air meetings at one corps in the morning and then moved on to another for Sunday school and a meeting in the afternoon. We did receive a shock during this meeting when the officer leading a song announced that after everyone had sung the second verse, the Canadian girls would stand and sing the chorus. This was nothing unusual — except that the song was an oriental air in Sinhalese! However, we stood and bravely mumbled through the chorus much to our own and everyone else's surprise and delight.

We moved on to another corps for the evening open-air and indoor meeting. The open-air meeting was held close to a fish market but no one else seemed to be noticing the strange odours drifting our way so we "bravely carried on." At one point I counted seventy-nine people listening and

to the platform, stood together and then took their seats on opposite sides of the hall again.

• **CEYLON** (Leona Tackaberry — Scarborough) — Linda and I went with Colonel Pedlar to the Rambukkana Division for the farewell service for the retiring District Officer, Brigadier Jayasinghe. To see and hear this officer, you would wonder how he would ever really retire — he is so full of energy and the Holy Spirit that I don't think you could keep him still for very long.

Every morning since he's been an officer he has risen at three a.m., prepared the family's breakfast, done his chores around the house and then left at five to do his visiting, not returning home until about eight p.m. Up in the Rambukkana Division he would walk fifteen to twenty miles a day across paddy fields to visit people in those isolated areas and was doing this each day right up to his retirement.

The drive there and back was really beautiful because Rambukkana is located in the "hill country" of Ceylon. The drive took two and a half hours.

Along the way we saw elephants bathing, water buffalo up to their ears in the paddy fields, tea estates and rubber plantations. A young Australian couple (he was the training college Principal) have just been appointed in charge of this division which is the largest in Ceylon.

Thursday was the Army's Evangelistic Outreach Day. Book displays were set up in front of the Central Corps hall and Army records were played so people passing by could hear. Tracts were handed out to them.

## Salvationist Youth Service Corps

term because of the loss of one of the teachers. I am now teaching math, religious education, English, geography and physical education to this class plus geography to Standard 4. So far, I have found the children very eager to learn and thus quite attentive and well-behaved and am thoroughly enjoying working with them.

• **CEYLON** (Linda Goldie — London South) — Leona and I went with Colonel Burton Pedlar and some of the national officers to different small towns to take the meetings. We had indoor and

it seemed that more folk kept appearing each moment.

The hall was filled to capacity for the evening meeting and Leona and I had the opportunity to testify and play a timbrel duet. A baby was dedicated and several local officers commissioned.

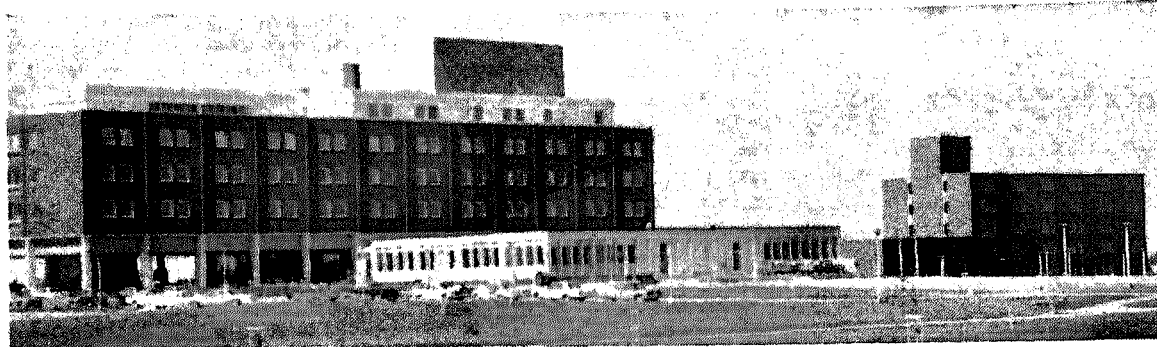
One thing we noticed about the dedication service — in the meeting here men and women usually sit separately on either side of the hall. When it was time for the baby to be dedicated, the mother got up from near the back on one side and the father stood up near the front on the other side. They walked together



Students at the D.F. Sarmiento School in Buenos Aires, Argentina, now have new furniture in their classroom thanks to the Canadian Territory. These pictures show (left) the teacher and (right) the children at work, making use of their new desks and chairs.

## New desks for students

# home page



This is a view of the new Winnipeg Grace General Hospital, St. James Division described below by a patient.

## The oneness of man

VINCE LEAH pays tribute to the Winnipeg Grace General Hospital

FOR fifty-four years I cheerfully skipped by the city's hospitals, happy to be on the outside and never really caring too much as to what went on beyond their walls. True, I would visit my less-fortunate brethren who were laid up, wish them well and then blithely dance out of the door again.

But one Sabbath evening in July last year a bedtime queaziness turned into violent haemorrhaging and a desperate ambulance ride through the night to the Winnipeg General's casualty ward. Now it was I who was stretched out flat, more dead than alive, instead of the unfortunates I had visited — with a casualty team fighting to pull me back with transfusions, shock blocks and what have you. I spent ten days, tucked away in "ears, nose and throat," the only bed available, and I appeared to be the only patient without a patch on his nose.

This was the time when I discovered all about hospitals. They are not so much brick and mortar, sophisticated equipment and mere medical skill. Hospitals are

people, from humble maintenance floor-polishers to experienced matrons, with badges to prove it, who first of all have to endure and like people, too.

C3 in the Winnipeg General is old and ancient, but in my ten days of I.V.'s, sippy diet, X-rays and other tests I grew to love the wonderful women who toiled therein. Wonderful friendships grew out of our association, a friendly card at Christmas, a trip to the country to play the organ for a student's wedding because her particular church lacked an organist.

When the digestive tract difficulty appeared to right itself a lingering suspicion remained that something else was wrong. Medical examination revealed gall bladder trouble. Diet and pills did nothing for it and the family doctor regretfully advised me that surgery was the only answer.

"I work out of Grace Hospital, you know" he said, half-expecting me to object to travelling eleven miles from West Kildonan to Booth Drive.

From the moment I stepped up to Admitting and received an as-

suring smile from the woman on duty, I knew I had nothing to fear.

I should say here and now that our family always has had a fond attachment for The Salvation Army since I was a tiny lad and answered the doorbell one lean Christmas eve to meet a cheery young officer, loaded down with a hamper of good things to eat and something extra to keep a seven-year-old happy.

My twenty-one days in surgery, if it did nothing else, revealed the Army's philosophy of the oneness of man. Why can't the Jew, the Negro, the Anglo-Saxon, the Mennonite and the rest of us live together as these people serve in one force to make you well? I have a lot of memories — the kindly Trinidadian who was forever at my elbow on that first grim night out of the recovery room, the splendid Scotswoman in Inhalation Therapy, the angelic students, even the instructor who inadvertently stuck a pin in me.

The gall bladder business cleared up nicely but back came that nasty old duodenal problem. As this is written I am in 319 and the doctors are debating surgery which would mean I'll stay around for a spell.

As I walked out of my front door with my suitcase to return to hospital, my wife remarked "You sure seem in a hurry to get back to Grace Hospital."

Perhaps it was a psychological thing. But I know that here I would find compassion, comfort, understanding, spiritual strength, not forgetting the opportunity to sneak into the chapel and do some organ practice. Yes, Grace Hospital is a handsome place, with magnificent facilities and equipment but its strength lies in the people who staff it, and The Salvation Army that stands behind it.

Mr. Vince Leah is a feature writer with "The Winnipeg Tribune." As this article indicates, he was also a patient in the Winnipeg Grace General Hospital when he was asked to write in the hospital's monthly bulletin "Looking Around."

Mr. Leah is a valued member of St. Luke's Lutheran Church and is the choir organist, leader of one children's choir and assists with two other children's choirs in the church.

## Thought

Today life tends to make people better off without making them better.

## Try this recipe for Fruit Bread

### Ingredients

- 1½ cups milk
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 2 cakes fresh or
- 2 packages active dry yeast
- ½ cup lukewarm water
- 1 cup mixed diced candied fruit
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 6½ to 7 cups sifted all-purpose flour.

Scald milk. Pour into large bowl. Add sugar, salt, shortening. Stir until shortening is melted. Cool to lukewarm. Add beaten egg.

Crumble yeast in lukewarm water. Stir until softened. Add to mixture in bowl. Add the fruit and flour, 1 cup at a time, mixing thoroughly

after each addition with spoon until dough clears the bowl.

Turn on to a floured board for kneading. Knead until surface of dough feels smooth and looks satiny (about eight to ten minutes). Shape dough into a smooth ball. Place in a greased bowl; brush top with melted shortening or salad oil. Let rise in a warm place (80 to 85° F) away from draughts until double in bulk—about 1½ hours. Shape into 2 loaves and place in greased loaf pans. Brush top lightly with melted fat. Let rise double in bulk.

Bake in preheated oven 375° F for 45 to 55 minutes. Remove from pans. Brush tops immediately with light syrup and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixture (½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon). Or brush with butter and ice with confectioners' sugar frosting when cool.

## Home League Enrolment



Six new home league members were enrolled at Stratford, Ont. (Captain and Mrs. James Thompson) by the Director of Divisional Women's Organizations for Western Ontario (Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Douglas Sharp). In the centre of the group can be seen Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp with Mrs. Captain Thompson on her right.



# MAGAZINE features



Above: Two-man prospecting team break a day's tramping to eat lunch near Great Slave Lake, N.W.T. Below: Copper ingots being loaded aboard a freighter in Montreal for shipment overseas.

**WHAT** this country needs is a good five-billion-dollar mineral industry — and probably this year, in 1969, that is exactly what Canada is getting.

Spurred by the burgeoning demands of a world exploding with technological and industrial developments, the crustal surface of the Canadian demi-continent is yielding a steadily - increasing stream of mineral wealth that promises to become torrential.

Today's estimated annual production figure at \$5,000,000,000 is a tenfold increase over that for 1945, triple that for 1955 and double the value for the first year of this decade. This tremendous expansion of the Canadian mineral industry outshines the growth of any of the other primary resources industries and the national economy as a whole.

While an arctic scientific task force deploys its electronic airborne squads and flies in delicacies from the deep south for its busy crews, a grizzled veteran bushwacker will scrape hopefully with a pocketknife at a rock specimen as he cooks his morning flapjacks.

But, though the beckoning field of prospecting is still open to all kinds of adventurous souls, the task of recovering the valuable mineral deposits after initial discovery is very big business—business big enough to provide 130,000 Canadians with steady, well-paid employment (in all about twelve per cent of the Canadian labour force depend on mining activities for their jobs). It is this important group of Canadians who contribute a vigorous seven-plus percentage towards the

country's gross national product and whose shipments abroad earn more than \$3,000,000,000 annually — an extremely vital one third of the nation's total exports.

\* \* \*

#### How the Provinces are doing:

Copper is the leading mineral in British Columbia and accounted for twenty per cent of last year's \$391.4 million total mineral production. Lead and zinc were another nineteen per cent of this total and petroleum another thirteen per cent. Highlights for 1969 include a production start of 24,000 daily tons of copper-molybdenum at the Brenda Mine near Penticton, the production of 7,000 tons of copper ore daily through a ten-mile-long haulage tunnel at the Granduc Mine near Stewart.

## Canada's rich resources

story by John Ough

In the Yukon mineral output rose to \$23.5 million with asbestos from the Clinton Creek mine leading other minerals. Next year, with the completion of the Anvil Mine at Ross River, lead and zinc will again take over leadership importance.

Lead, zinc and cadmium lead mineral production in the Northwest Territories with the Pine Point Mine operating with greatly-increased capacity. The exploration for oil in the Queen Elizabeth Islands and the search for metals in the Coppermine region is today's big action in the territories.

Fuels accounted for eighty-nine per cent of Alberta's \$1,100 million mineral production last year. Sulphur produced as a by-product formed 7.2 per cent of the province's total and the revitalization of the coal industry with shipments to Japan next year makes Alberta Canada's leading coal producer.

Saskatchewan's leading minerals were the fuels, mainly petroleum, but with nine mines in production, potash is still growing in importance and copper, zinc, silver and uranium from the northern parts of the province form a substantial part of total production. Exploration in the province goes on apace.

Increases in nickel production in Manitoba accounted for nearly sixty per cent of the province's \$205 million mineral income. Copper and zinc continued to form substantial percentages and gains are being made in petro-

leum production in the province.

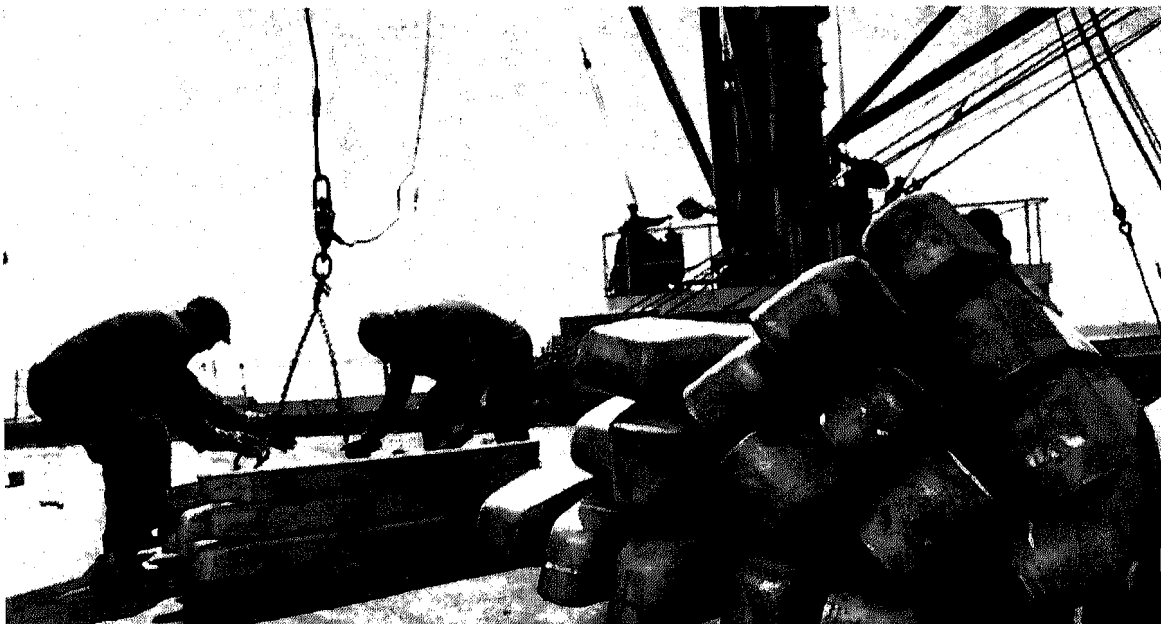
Nickel and copper account for half the mineral production in Ontario, Canada's leading mineral province which last year produced minerals valued at \$1,340 million. With most of northern Ontario forming a large part of the Canadian Shield the province is studded with promising areas for the search of metals and names such as Sudbury, Timmins and Elliot Lake have reverberated around the world.

Quebec is also formed in large part by the Canadian Shield and is the home of massive northern iron-ore mines, copper mines in Gaspé and asbestos mines in the Eastern Township. Value of mineral production last year was \$732 million.

Metal production is of prime importance in New Brunswick being valued last year at \$68 million while half the value of Nova Scotia's \$58 million mineral production is coal.

Newfoundland's mineral industry gained sharply to reach a production valued at \$323.7 million, due mainly to expansion of Labrador iron-ore mine complexes. Copper, zinc and asbestos also played a share in the province's twenty-one per cent overall production increase.

Canada's mineral industry, by constantly developing and employing ultra-modern methods of exploration, extraction and processing and blessed with one of the largest land and offshore areas in the world in which to operate, is booming ahead.







In response to enquiries from university and high school students for documentary information about The Salvation Army, the National Information Services embarked on a project to supply Canadian Universities with five volumes of "The History of the Salvation Army," "What Hath God Wrought," "A Hundred Years War" and "The Red Shield in Action." Thirty-two university libraries now have these books.

Above: Lieut.-Colonel Willison Pedlar presents books to Mr. John Grantier at York University, Toronto. Below: They are received at Brock University, St. Catharines, from Lieut.-Colonel Stanley Gennery and Brigadier Cyril Frayn.



GOOD - EVIL - GOOD - EVIL - GOOD

(Continued from page 6)

did; if you say "Get thee behind me, Satan" - you sin not. What was Eve's sin? Unlawful self-gratification. The devil might have tempted her until now, if she had lived so long; but if she had steadily resisted him she would not have brought sin into the world.

Under the law you see that it is sin, and you struggle against it, but you have no power to resist and down you go. United to Christ, you see that it is sin, you have power to resist and the devil runs away. That is the difference.

The devil comes with direct, subtle spiritual influence, with his old insinuation, as he came to Eve, and says "Hath God said this, or that?" He tries to inject into the believer's soul doubts as to God's goodness and veracity as he used to do under the law, and under the law the convicted sinner's soul used to swell with rebellion.

Satan still comes and tries to excite ill-feelings and chargings of God foolishly in the soul, but by virtue of this union with Christ, who came not to do His own will but His Father's and who spoke only the things that His Father bade Him, the believer says "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" And the devil is gone. When he is foiled at all these points he tries higher ground. "Really, you are

a wonderful Christian. You have had special grace for surely very few people can have resisted the amount of temptation that you have. You must be one of God's specially favoured ones. Now cast yourself down. It is written "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee." He comes as an angel of light. But Christ is hard by, and He says "Be not ignorant of Satan's devices. Behold, I am thy salvation. Trust, and be not afraid." And so the soul refuses to cast itself into unnecessary troubles, and is content to abide in and walk with the Lord. That is how He gives us the victory. He shows us Satan's devices, and gives us power.

Dirty Shoe Sunday

As the first hymn was sung one Sunday at a Wesley United Church members of the congregation removed their shoes and passed them to the aisles where they were gathered by Grade VI Sunday school students.

At the close of the service, congregation members reclaimed their shoes, freshly shined, in the corridor. Through the shoe-shines and a candy sale, twenty-five smudgy-handed girls and boys had raised \$44 in their one day's pay programme for the children of Biafra.

—"United Church Observer"

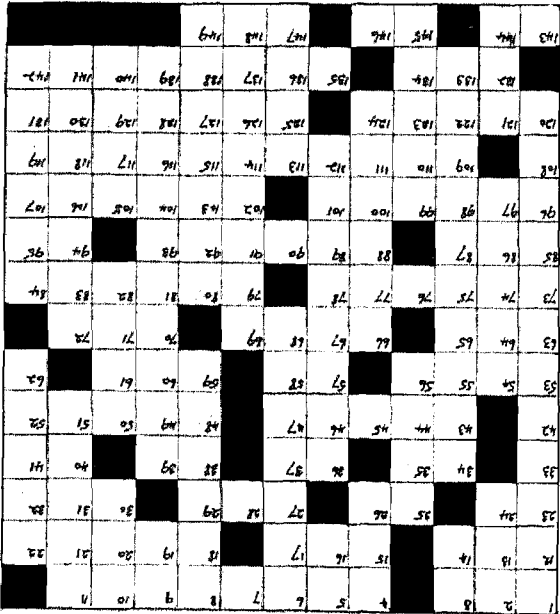
HIDDEN MESSAGE

TO SOLVE this double acrostic, determine the words defined in list and write each word over the number alongside. Then transfer each letter to the corresponding square in the pattern.

Completed pattern will be a quotation, reading left to right, with black squares indicating word endings. Where no black square occurs, the word runs over from one line of pattern to next.

The names of the author and the book quoted are spelled out by the initial letters of the correct answers to the clues.

- 1. Turns in the factory 123 12 40 60 124
- 2. Ascetic religious community of the pre-Christian era 21 108 144 44 6 118 30



By  
Florie  
Williams

- 3. Scottish "little grey home in the west?" 64 77 148 146 1
- 4. You can't be optimistic with misty ones, they say 138 114 24 49 104 100
- 5. Pompous way of saying "get going" 113 129 15 84 97 63 34 134
- 6. Another name for Dorcas (Acts 9) 51 82 102 76 29 128 18
- 7. Answer back 78 111 140 7
- 8. Set down as a debt 14 116 36 89 75
- 9. Not knowing 52 83 125 22 69 131 38 74 147
- 10. Leaves spring from this point 92 112 56 17
- 11. Gently flow out 145 28 85 42
- 12. Joiner? 71 95 10 105 110 126 46 66
- 13. World War I battlefield 58 137 53 73 23
- 14. Strike a woman? Come, come! 2 109 139 133 37 80
- 15. Brooks no delay 130 99 5 55 119 65
- 16. "How sweet the . . . sleeps upon this bank" (Merchant of Venice) 106 70 35 13 88 143 81 41 19
- 17. "Every perfect gift is from . . ." (James 1, 17) 68 54 26 90 32
- 18. African river 27 96 93 141 115
- 19. The duet she sang with Barak is recorded in the Book of Judges 87 103 57 79 72 4 135
- 20. Tucked firmly into bed! 98 33 122 86 25 48 61 149
- 21. Manage to remove the chemise 142 16 121 62 47
- 22. They bitel 59 31 101 9 117
- 23. "The . . . of Greece, the . . . of Greece!" (Byron) 91 8 43 107 50
- 24. This little bird gets cracking 39 94 127 20 45 132 11 67
- 25. Expressed by a nod 136 3 120



### Commissioner and Mrs. C. Wiseman

Toronto Temple, Welcome to Cadets, Wed., Sept. 17; Scarborough, Welcome Home to Salvationist Youth Service Corps, Fri., Sept. 19; Six Nations Corps, Opening, Sun. (aft.), Sept. 21; Halifax, Maritime Congress, Fri.-Mon., Sept. 26-29; Ottawa, Opening of Woodroffe Temple, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 4-5; Toronto Training College, Spiritual Day, Tues., Oct. 7; New Westminster, B.C. Congress, Fri.-Sun., Oct. 10-12

### Colonel and Mrs. Geoffrey Dalziel

Toronto Temple, Welcome to Cadets, Wed., Sept. 17; Brockville, Quebec and Eastern Ontario Congress, Fri.-Mon., Sept. 26-29; Edmonton, Social Conference, Thurs.-Mon., Oct. 2-6; North Bay, Northern Ontario Congress, Fri.-Mon., Oct. 10-13

### Mrs. Colonel Geoffrey Dalziel

Philpott Memorial Church, Hamilton, Ont., Home League Rally, Wed., Sept. 24

Colonel Frank Moulton: Halifax Citadel, Sun., Oct. 12

Colonel and Mrs. Frank Moulton: St. John's Booth Memorial Auditorium, Sun. (a.m.), Sept. 21; St. John's Temple, Sun. (p.m.), Sept. 21; St. John's Booth Memorial Auditorium, Nurses' Graduation, Mon., Sept. 22; Bay Roberts, Tues., Sept. 23; Long Pond, Wed., Sept. 24; St. John's Temple, Thurs., Sept. 25; Lewisporte, Fri., Sept. 26; Twillingate, Youth Councils, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 27-28

Colonel and Mrs. Wm. Ross: Paris, Sun., Sept. 21; Danforth, Sun., Sept. 28; St. Thomas, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 4-5

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Barton: Port Hope, Sun., Sept. 21

Lieut.-Colonel Eric Coward: Mount Hamilton, Thurs., Sept. 18

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Moulton: Oakville, Sun., Sept. 14; Burlington, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 11-12

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. G. Roberts: Dunsmuir, Sun., Sept. 21

Brigadier Thomas Ellwood: Dunsmuir, Sun., Sept. 28

Brigadier Doris Fishers: Montreal Citadel, Sun., Sept. 21; Bloor Central, Tues., Sept. 23; Parry Sound, Sun., Sept. 28

Brigadier and Mrs. Leonard Knight: Lakeview, Sun., Sept. 7

Brigadier Harold Sharp: Gananoque, Sun. (a.m.), Sept. 14; Nanapanee, Sun. (p.m.), Sept. 14; Peterborough, Sun. (a.m.), Sept. 28; Lindsay, Sun. (p.m.), Sept. 28

Major Norman Bearcroft: Brockville, Quebec and Eastern Ontario Congress, Fri.-Mon., Sept. 26-29

Major and Mrs. Norman Bearcroft: Scarborough, Sun., Oct. 5

Major Joe Craig: Peterborough, Sun., Sept. 14; Scarborough, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 20-21

Major Margaret Green: Port Arthur, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 13-14; Guelph, Sat.-Sun., Sept. 20-21; Oshawa, Sun., Sept. 28; Woodstock, Ont., Sat.-Sun., Oct. 4-5

Major and Mrs. Willard Rea: Peterborough, Sun., Sept. 28

### TERRITORIAL EVANGELISTS

Major and Mrs. William Davies: Moncton, Sat.-Mon., Sept. 13-15; Glace Bay, Thurs.-Sun., Oct. 2-5; New Waterford, Tues.-Wed., Oct. 7-8; Sydney Mines, Thurs.-Fri., Oct. 9-10; North Sydney, Sat.-Sun., Oct. 11-12

Captain William Clarke: Kamloops, Sun.-Tues., Sept. 14-23; New Westminster, Fri.-Sun., Sept. 26-Oct. 5; Victoria Harbour Light, Mon.-Wed., Oct. 6-8

## Scripture Text Calendar - 1970

*This calendar shows on every page some of God's promises of hope and strength; is suitable as a gift for members of Bible class, corps section or congregation.*

### Gift prices

1 - 5 copies	60c ea.	12 copies	48c ea.
6 - 11 copies	55c ea.	25 copies	45c ea.
50 copies		42c ea.	

### Quantity prices to corps

100 copies	40c ea.	300 copies	38c ea.
200 copies	39c ea.	400 copies	37c ea.
500 copies		36c ea.	

### NOTE:

Calendars may be imprinted as follows — but no business imprints accepted: front cover imprint, greetings, hours of meetings, officers' and corps' names; minimum imprint charges \$4.00 (4 lines maximum). Minimum of 50 calendars. If corps imprint is NOT wanted, then "Bible verses everyone should know" will appear in the space provided for imprint. Regular prices apply.

## THE SALVATION ARMY TRADE DEPARTMENT

259 Victoria Street, TORONTO 205, Ontario

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

### INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

To be Colonel

Lieut.-Colonel William Larson, Denmark  
Lieut.-Colonel Mitsuji Kawai, Japan  
Lieut.-Colonel Bernard Adams, Salvationist Publishing and Supplies Ltd.

### Erik Wickberg

Chief of the Staff

### TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

Appointments:

Major Raymond Homewood, Toronto Training College  
Lieutenant Viola Gates, London Oak Street (Ass't.)

### Clarence Wiseman

Territorial Commander

## NOTES IN PASSING

Brigadier Sydney Boulton (R) and family wish to thank all who sent messages of sympathy since the passing of Mrs. Brigadier Boulton.

Captain Jean Brown has recently been promoted to the rank of Major. The Major is presently serving in North-Eastern India at the MacRobert Hospital, Dhariwal, Gurdaspur, East Punjab.

The wedding of Lieutenant and Mrs. James Girling took place at Willowdale, Ont., on June 28th. The bride's father, Major David McNeilly, performed the ceremony assisted by Lieutenant Robert Ratcliff. The soloist was Lieutenant Pauline Banfield who, during the dedication made by the couple, sang a wedding prayer composed by Lieutenant Girling.

The first Salvation Army wedding, in the corps history, took place recently at Flin Flon, Man. Envoy and Mrs. David Foley were united in marriage by the Divisional Commander (Lieut.-Colonel Basil Meakings). Envoy and Mrs. Foley are now stationed at Portage La Prairie, Man.

Mrs. Brigadier George Earle, P.O. Box 549, Windsor, Nfld., is seeking a copy of the demonstration item "A Missionary Officer's Vision" which was published in "The Officer" during the 1920s. Will any reader who can help write to her direct?

The Financial Secretary acknowledges, with thanks, receipt of an anonymous donation of \$1.00

## Where are these?

The Salvation Army will assist in the search for missing relatives. Please read the list below, and if you know the present address of any person listed, or any information which will be helpful in continuing the search, kindly contact the Men's Social Service Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 102, Ont., marking your envelope "Inquiry."

**BARROW, Gertrude Alice.** Born April 8, 1907, in Prescott, Lancs., England. Probably married. Last heard from in 1934, or thereabouts. Parents are Thomas and Gertrude Barrow (née: Handley). Last known to live in Toronto. Sister, Ethel Angela Barrow, enquires. 66-324

**BEIRNE, Michael.** Surname could be spelled BYRNE. Born December 14, 1928, in Shannon, Ireland. Left Eire in May, 1951. Last heard from in 1959. Thought to be with a Canadian Railway Company as a labourer. Last known to live in Verdun, Que. His brother, John, is concerned as to his welfare and desires to "keep in touch." 66-422

**BELL, Janet Kinghorn.** Born June 15, 1918, in Foulden Parish, Berwickshire, Scotland. Last known to live in Edmonton, Alta. This was about 1960. Parents: Thomas and Alice Bell (née: Yule). Her son, Alistair (Terry) Bell, seeks her. She could be in company of Mr. Pat Banwell. 68-140

**DAVIS, Ernest.** Born February 9, 1890, in Chetton, nr. Bridgnorth, Salop., England. Was a railway engineer on the Grand Trunk Railway. Last known to live in North Cobalt, Ont. Had also lived in Poste Restante, Edison, Alta. Has tip of one finger missing. To Canada in 1909, and last heard from in 1930. Parents were John Davies and Ellen Davies (née: Gwilt). A sister, Eva Crook, anxious to find him. We have her address. 69-376

**FRANKS, Mrs. Mary (née: Kelly).** Born June 4, 1922, in Hoyland, Yorkshire, England. Nurse. Left England in 1945. Last heard from in 1945. Husband, Jack Franks, was an aircraft engineer. Is sought by her brother, Henry Kelly. 67-10

**GUNDERSEN, Ingeborg Marthea.** (Descendants off). It is desired we contact descendants or relatives of Ingeborg Gundersen. Latter was born April 17, 1844, in Stor-Elvdal, Norway. She emigrated to the U.S.A. about 1880, and was last heard from in 1905. Relatives in Norway inquire. 69-391

**HUNT, William Charles.** Sought by his half-sister, Mrs. Doris Amos of

England. He was married in 1916, or 1917 and thought to have one son. Last heard from in 1925 or 1926. Came to Canada on S.S. Corinthian landing in Quebec City. Lived in London, Ont. His wife was Angela Hunt (née: Pichardo). 66-426

**JURCZYK, Edward.** Around age 53. Is of Polish background. Last known to work for Power Corporation of Canada in Angliers, Que. Last known to live in Toronto, Ont. Last heard from Christmas, 1949. His parents are Jan and Jozef Jurczyk (née: Dudek). His brother, Joseph Jurczyk of England, seeks him. 69-375

**PATCHETT, John Maurice.** Born April 7, 1932, in Welbourn, Lincs., England. Marital status unknown. Left England May 30, 1956. Last heard from January 20, 1962, when he lived in Whitehorse, Y.T. He worked for the Whitehorse Construction Company as an operator of mechanical equipment on the Alaska Highway. Was apparently in Edmonton, Alta., in 1957, but whether on visit or living there is not known. His mother, Mrs. Phyllis Patchett of England, seeks him. Is concerned as to his well-being and present circumstances. 68-418

**PORTER, Anthony Phillip.** Born June 11, 1953, in Kimberley, B.C. He is believed to have been kidnapped for ransom. He was entering grade nine in the occupational course. 5'7" tall. Weighs 125 lbs. Has broad shoulders and long arms. Tendency to acne on face. Has long scar on shin bone of his right leg. His speech could be difficult to understand. He is hesitant in speaking to strangers. His parents, Robinson Mitchell and Patricia Vye Porter, anxiously seek him or news of his whereabouts. Anyone who is able to give a "lead" in this enquiry could phone his father directly at 427-3982 or 427-3595, Kimberley, B.C., or the nearest Salvation Army Officer or R.C.M.P. Detachment. Missing since June 26, 1969. 69-369

### WANTED

A full-time stenographer-typist is required for a department at Territorial Headquarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 102, Ont. Will applicants please contact the Staff Secretary, either by letter or phone, stating qualifications and age.

### SOLUTION TO HIDDEN MESSAGE

24. Nuthatch; 25. Yes.  
Niger; 19. Deborah; 20. Embedded; 21. Shift; 22. Teeth; 23. Isles;  
13. Ypres; 14. Hither; 15. Urgent; 16. Moonlight; 17. Above; 18.  
7. Echo; 8. Debit; 9. Unwitting; 10. Node; 11. Ooze; 12. Unlithic;  
1. Lath; 2. Essence; 3. Croft; 4. Optics; 5. Motivate; 6. Tabitha;  
du Nouy ("Human Destiny").  
The agnostic and the atheist do not seem to be in the least disturbed by the fact that our entire organized, living universe becomes incomprehensible without the hypothesis of God — *l'ecumie*

# The second Freddy Ellis

IT takes a good deal to make Londoners stare, but when an omnibus stopped at the Bank—busiest crossing in the city—while the conductor emptied the contents of his bag down a drain, passengers and pedestrians alike began to gaze.

"Strike me pink, I can't think what came over little Freddy" the driver told them back at the garage when they demanded a first-hand account of the conductor's defection. "Fine little fellow he's allus been along o' me, and then a tall young gent whispers something to him and off he flies into a temper and won't budge till the gent calls a copper to guard the drain, and another to take Freddy across to the police station. They-a kept him there too!"

The driver had more than once to wait beside the kerb while passengers were transferred to a better bus, but never before had he been told to park in a side street because his conductor had deserted.

"The funniest thing you ever saw!" as described over a score of suburban supper tables that night was nothing but stark tragedy for Freddy, the conductor.

## Forged references

The young detective who had challenged him on the bus knew that a conductor's job could not be got with anything less than the best of references. And he recognized the little man in the bus company's uniform as one who had a long list of prison sentences behind him. Deduction: Those references must have been forged and Scotland Yard was trying to trace one of the cleverest gangs of forgers troubling the city just then. He might be the man to find the first clue!

That was why he had whispered to the conductor: "Come up to the office when you finish duty." That was why he later assured the unreasonably enraged fellow that the police did not want him at all. If only he would let them know who had written his references he could go right away and they wouldn't trouble him any more.

Though the police repeated their promise when he appeared in the dock, Freddy's confederates at the back of the counter were quite unworried. He would never give them away.

It wasn't the first time this sort of thing had happened to him, Freddy reflected as he sat in his cell. Once before he had made up his mind to go straight. It was when he married his wife and for the sake of her dear love decided to "live respectable." It had been a new and pleasurable experience to draw a weekly

wage honestly earned and he had expected the experience to go on for ever. But no, he might have known it! On the way home to lunch one day a policeman recognized him.

"Ha, ha! Ellis, we've been thinking we haven't seen you much lately" the constable laughed. "You must have been careful and clever."

"No guv'nor, I'm going straight right enough" Freddy replied. But when he got back to work after lunch he was called to the manager's office. Why had he not been honest and informed the

foundling wrapped in brown paper and left in a garbage can, a child his age, named Frederick Albert Ellis, had died. It was a grand joke of the workhouse master's that it saved trouble this way if one went out as another came in. The new boy could come in for the clothes, the cot and the kicks of the other, as well as take the ownerless name and so save re-writing the book.

The Second Freddy Ellis had never forgiven life this bad joke. What could one expect of others if even the mother who bore one had no room in her life for her own child?

Injustice had always made Freddy wrathful. He remembered his first unhappy encounter with the police. He and two other boys had escaped from the trials and

shop so naturally and noiselessly that suspicion was never awakened; while a sleight-of-hand outside a boot shop could remove one of the dangling pairs without a rustle. If he had been punished for such as this he could have agreed with the justice of it. But this case was different:

The weather had turned cold—too cold for a ragged little urchin to sleep out of doors; and, knowing of some half-finished houses, Freddy had crept into one for such shelter from the wind as might be found on a bleak night.

Crouched on the new board floor, propped into a corner of bare brick walls, the homeless child slept a warm, sweet sleep until he was awakened by a vigorous shaking.

"Cold, ain't it, guv'nor?" he

# A desperado transformed

a short serial story by Reginald Woods

management of his criminal career when he sought the job? Why had he, a jailbird since childhood, imposed himself on a reputable firm for eleven months? What did he think of himself for daring to mix with other men as their equals, for having the impudence to take good money at the pay desk, *Go!*

And now it had happened again! All his life had been like that. Why, even the name he bore didn't belong to him.

They told him in the workhouse where he had spent his babyhood that the night they brought him in, a nameless

tribulations of workhouse days, spent almost unceasingly in making coconut matting and nosebags for horses, by scaling the high walls studded with broken glass. If they had been caught and punished for that, he would have accepted it as just.

If they had been detected while his two companions were teaching Freddy how friendless folk can live in London without means, he could have taken what he got. He was small and quick, and soon extremely efficient in the art of helping himself to a loaf and some buns, and withdrawing from a crowded baker's

greeted the policeman whose light shone into his dazed eyes. (He had always found policemen friendly.)

"Cold? I'll take you where it's warmer" replied the man, roughly, and would hear no explanation. So next morning an undersized boy of twelve—inadequately clothed, insufficiently fed, with bare feet, ragged trousers held together with string—stood in a cold courtroom (children's courts, a probation system, court missionaries and a First Offenders' Act were as yet unknown) and heard himself sentenced to a term of imprisonment for *being on enclosed premises for an unlawful purpose*. He would never forget the bitter bewilderment of that midnight awakening.

## Another injustice

Nor could he forget another bit of injustice—his first "solitary" received on the strength of an angry warder's unjust report.

Of course, he had his own back on society many times in the years since then. A man had early taught him how to open a till. A gang he joined taught him to "borrow" watches in the street without their owner's permission.

There had been adventure, too; as when he had fallen through a skylight right on to an astonished policeman.

There was the time, again, when he had met a reformed crony of his, now turned bank messenger, and had talked the man into absconding with him and the money. For two hours they had eluded the police, eventually escaping up country in milk vans attached to a passenger train, which they took the precaution of leaving at their own great risk before it made its first stop in the provinces.

(To be continued)



"Ha, ha! Ellis, we've been thinking we haven't seen you much lately. You must have been careful and clever."